

# CLASSICS

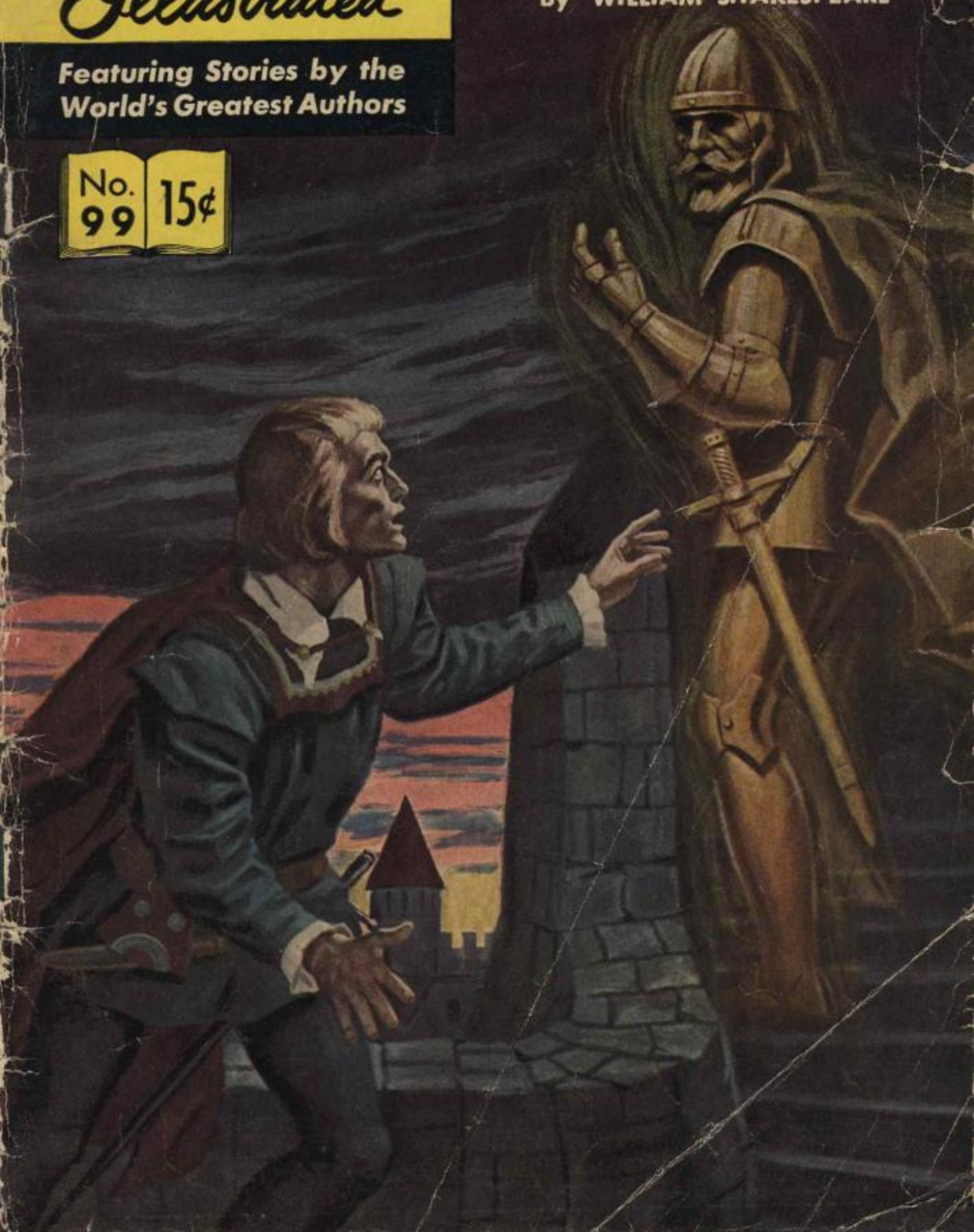
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# HAMLET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





# HAMLET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



**H**AMLET WAS CALLED HOME TO DENMARK FROM GERMANY BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE KING. ON HIS RETURN TO THE ROYAL CASTLE AT ELSINORE, HAMLET WAS SHOCKED TO FIND THAT HIS MOTHER HAD WAITED ONLY A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH BEFORE MARRYING AGAIN.. THIS TIME TO CLAUDIUS, THE LATE KING'S BROTHER. BY THIS MARRIAGE, CLAUDIUS WAS ABLE TO SEIZE THE THRONE WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO HAMLET. HAMLET WAS DEEPLY GRIEVED BY HIS FATHER'S DEATH AND EQUALLY BITTER OVER HIS MOTHER'S HASTY REMARRIAGE.

NOW, ON WITH THE PLAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY  
ALEX A. BLUM



IT IS MIDNIGHT AND THE CASTLE GUARD IS CHANGING...



\*PARTNERS



WELCOME,  
HORATIO,  
WELCOME, GOOD  
MARCELLUS.

HAS THIS  
THING APPEAR'D  
AGAIN  
TO-NIGHT?

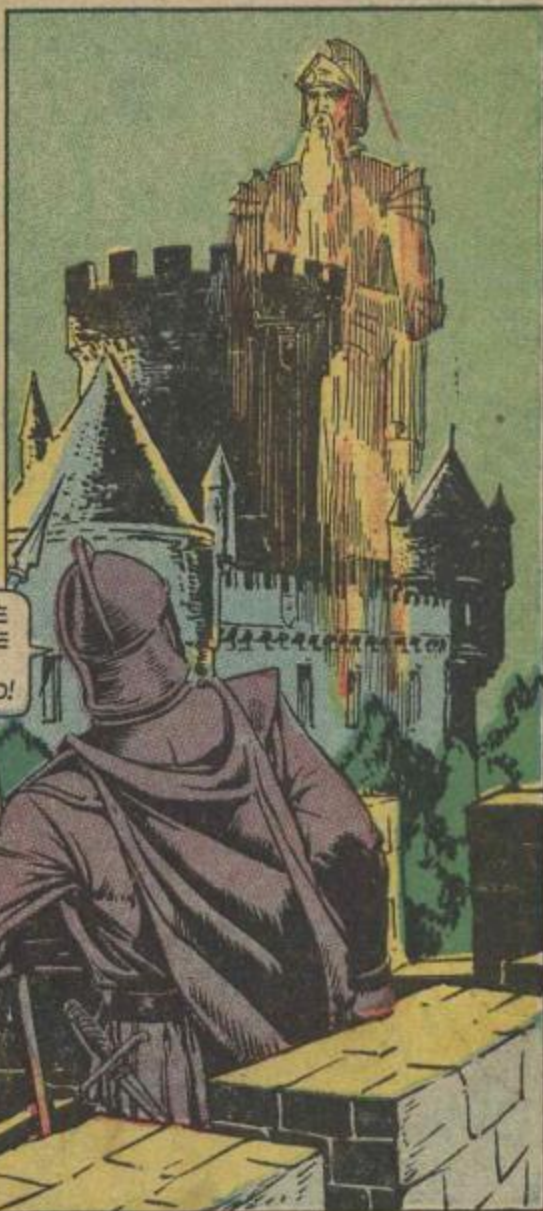
I HAVE  
SEEN  
NOTHING.

HORATIO SAYS 'T IS BUT OUR FANTASY,  
AND WILL NOT LET BELIEF TAKE HOLD  
OF HIM TOUCHING THIS DREADED SIGHT,  
TWICE SEEN BY US; THEREFORE, I HAVE  
ENTREATED HIM ALONG WITH US TO  
WATCH THE MINUTES OF THIS NIGHT,  
THAT IF AGAIN THIS APPARITION COME,  
HE MAY APPROVE\* OUR  
EYES AND SPEAK TO IT.

\*CONFIRM

WELL, SIT  
WE DOWN,  
AND LET  
US HEAR  
BERNARDO  
SPEAK  
OF THIS.

LAST NIGHT, WHEN YOND  
SAME STAR THAT'S WEST-  
WARD FROM THE POLE HAD  
MADE HIS COURSE T'ILLUME  
THAT PART OF HEAVEN WHERE  
NOW IT BEAMS, MARCELLUS  
AND MYSELF, THE BELL THEN  
BEATING ONE...



PEACE, BREAK THEE  
OFF! LOOK, WHERE  
IT COMES AGAIN!

IN THE SAME  
FIGURE, LIKE  
THE KING  
THAT'S DEAD!











'TIS GONE! WE DO IT  
WRONG TO OFFER IT THE  
SHOW OF VIOLENCE, FOR  
IT IS, AS THE AIR, INVUL-  
NERABLE, AND OUR VAIN  
BLOWS MALICIOUS MOCKERY.

IT WAS ABOUT  
TO SPEAK, WHEN  
THE COCK CREW.



BREAK WE OUR WATCH UP, AND  
LET US IMPART WHAT WE HAVE  
SEEN UNTO YOUNG HAMLET; FOR,  
UPON MY LIFE, THIS SPIRIT, DUMB  
TO US, WILL SPEAK TO HIM.

LET'S DO 'T,  
I PRAY, AND I  
KNOW WHERE WE  
SHALL FIND HIM.





INSIDE THE ROYAL CASTLE, HAMLET SITS ALONE, GIVING VOICE TO HIS GRIEF AND BITTERNESS...



O, THAT THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT,  
THAW AND RESOLVE ITSELF INTO A DEW!  
OR THAT THE EVERLASTING HAD NOT FIX'D  
HIS CANON 'GAINST SELF-SLAUGHTER! O GOD! GOD!  
HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE  
SEEM TO ME ALL THE USES OF THIS WORLD!  
FIE ON 'T! AH FIE! 'TIS AN UNWEED'D GARDEN,  
THAT GROWS TO SEED; THINGS RANK AND GROSS IN NATURE  
POSSESS IT MERELY. THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!  
BUT TWO MONTHS DEAD! NAY, NOT SO MUCH, NOT TWO:  
SO EXCELLENT A KING; THAT WAS, TO THIS,  
HYPERION TO A SATYR: SO LOVING TO MY MOTHER,  
THAT HE MIGHT NOT BETWEEN THE WINDS OF HEAVEN  
VISIT HER FACE TOO ROUGHLY. HEAVEN AND EARTH!  
MUST I REMEMBER? WHY, SHE WOULD HANG ON HIM,  
AS IF INCREASE OF APPETITE HAD GROWN  
BY WHAT IT FED ON: AND YET, WITHIN A MONTH —  
LET ME NOT THINK ON 'T. — FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN!  
A LITTLE MONTH, OR ERE THOSE SHOES WERE OLD  
WITH WHICH SHE FOLLOWED MY POOR FATHER'S BODY,  
LIKE NIOBE, ALL TEARS: — WHY SHE, EVEN SHE, —  
O GOD! A BEAST THAT WANTS DISCOURSE OF REASON  
WOULD HAVE MOURN'D LONGER, — MARRIED WITH MY UNCLE,  
MY FATHER'S BROTHER, BUT NO MORE LIKE MY FATHER  
THAN I TO HERCULES: WITHIN A MONTH;  
ERE YET THE SALT OF MOST UNRIGHTEOUS TEARS  
HAD LEFT THE FLUSHING IN HER GALLED EYES,  
SHE MARRIED. IT IS NOT, NOR IT CANNOT COME TO GOOD!  
BUT BREAK, MY HEART, FOR I MUST HOLD MY TONGUE!

A MOMENT LATER, HORATIO, MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO ENTER AND TELL HAMLET ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE...

I WILL WATCH  
TONIGHT, PER-  
CHANCE 'T WILL  
WALK AGAIN.

MY FATHER'S  
SPIRIT IN ARMS.  
ALL IS NOT WELL;  
I DOUBT SOME  
FOUL PLAY, WOULD  
THE NIGHT WERE  
COME. TILL THEN  
SIT STILL, MY  
SOUL: FOUL DEEDS  
WILL RISE, THOUGH  
ALL THE EARTH  
O'ERWHELM THEM  
TO MEN'S EYES.



MEANWHILE, LAERTES, SON OF THE KING'S CHIEF ADVISOR, POLONIUS, READIES HIMSELF TO TRAVEL TO FRANCE. BEFORE GOING, HE WARNS HIS SISTER, OPHELIA, NOT TO RETURN HAMLET'S LOVE FOR HER. POLONIUS ENTERS AND CAUTIONS HIS SON AS TO HIS BEHAVIOR WHILE IN FRANCE...

GIVE THY THOUGHTS NO TONGUE, NOR  
ANY UNPROPORTION'D THOUGHT HIS ACT;  
...THIS ABOVE ALL: TO  
THINE OWN SELF BETRUE,  
AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS  
THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU  
CANST NOT BE FALSE TO  
ANY MAN. FARE-  
WELL; MY  
BLESSING  
SEASON THIS  
IN THEE.



AFTER LAERTES LEAVES, POLONIUS ALSO WARNS OPHELIA AGAINST RETURNING HAMLET'S LOVE.....

DO NOT BELIEVE HIS VOWS; I WOULD  
NOT, IN PLAIN TERMS, FROM THIS TIME  
FORTH HAVE YOU GIVE TALK WITH THE  
LORD HAMLET.





THAT NIGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY HORATIO AND MARCELLUS, HAMLET GOES TO MEET THE GHOST. EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT, THE GHOST APPEARS...

ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US! BE THOU A SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN'D, BRING WITH THEE AIRS FROM HEAVEN OR BLASTS FROM HELL, BE THY INTENTS WICKED OR CHARITABLE, THOU COM'ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE THAT I WILL SPEAK TO THEE. I'LL CALL THEE HAMLET, KING, FATHER, ROYAL DANE--O, ANSWER ME! WHAT MAY THIS MEAN, THAT THOU, DEAD CORSE, \* AGAIN IN COMPLETE STEEL REVISITS THUS?





# HAMLET

THE GHOST BECKONS  
HAMLET TO FOLLOW IT...

YOU SHALL  
NOT GO,  
MY LORD.

HOLD OFF YOUR  
HANDS. GO ON, I'LL  
FOLLOW THEE.

HAMLET FOLLOWS THE  
GHOST DOWN THE STAIR-  
WAY TO A DESERTED  
SPOT. THE  
GHOST THEN  
TURNS AND  
SPEAKS...

I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT--  
DOOMED TO WALK THE NIGHT,  
AND FOR THE DAY CONFIN'D  
TO FAST IN FIRES, TILL THE  
FOUL CRIMES DONE IN MY DAYS  
OF NATURE ARE PURGED  
AWAY. LIST! IF THOU DIDST  
EVER THY DEAR FATHER  
LOVE, REVENGE HIS FOUL AND  
MOST UNNATURAL MURDER.

MURDER! HASTE  
ME TO KNOW'T, THAT  
I MAY SWEEP  
TO MY REVENGE.

'TIS GIVEN OUT THAT, SLEEPING  
IN MY ORCHARD, A SERPENT STUNG  
ME; BUT KNOW, THE SERPENT THAT  
DID STING THY FATHER'S LIFE NOW  
WEARS HIS CROWN.

"SLEEPING WITHIN MINE ORCHARD, UPON MY SECURE HOUR,  
THY UNCLE STOLE WITH JUICE OF CURSED HEBONA\*  
IN A VIAL..."

\*A POISONOUS WEED



"AND IN MINE EARS DID POUR THIS LEP'ROUS DISTILMENT; WHOSE EFFECT HOLDS SUCH AN ENMITY WITH BLOOD OF MAN THAT SWIFT AS QUICKSILVER IT COURSES THROUGH THE NATURAL GATES AND ALLEYS OF THE BODY."



"THUS WAS I, SLEEPING, BY A BROTHER'S HAND OF LIFE, OF CROWN, OF QUEEN, AT ONCE DISPATCH'D..."



O, HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE! IF THOU HAST NATURE IN THEE, BEAR IT NOT. BUT, HOWSOEVER THOU PURSUEST THIS ACT, TAIN'T NOT THY MIND, NOR LET THY SOUL CONTRIVE AGAINST THY MOTHER AUGHT; LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN.



AS THEY SPEAK, A COCK CROWS AND DAWN BREAKS. THE GHOST MUST LEAVE...

FARE THEE WELL AT ONCE! ADIEU, ADIEU! REMEMBER ME.



AFTER THE GHOST HAS GONE, HORATIO AND MARCELLUS ASK TO BE INFORMED AS TO WHAT THE GHOST HAD SAID. INSTEAD, HAMLET SWEARS THEM TO SECRECY...

NEVER MAKE KNOWN WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN TO-NIGHT. SWEAR IT.

WE WILL NOT, WE SWEAR IT.





# HAMLET

"AS I WAS SEWING, LORD HAMLET, NO HAT UPON HIS HEAD, HIS STOCKINGS FOULED, PALE AS HIS LOOK SO PITEOUS IN PURPORT \*

AS DAYS PASS, A STRANGE MADNESS, PART REAL AND PART FEIGNED, COMES OVER HAMLET. ONE DAY, HE ENTERS OPHELIA'S ROOM AND SHOCKS HER BY HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR. SHE REPORTS THIS TO HER FATHER...



MAD FOR THY LOVE?

MY LORD, I DO NOT KNOW; BUT TRULY, I DO FEAR IT.

WHAT SAID HE?

HE TOOK ME BY THE WRIST AND HELD ME HARD; THEN GOES HE TO THE LENGTH OF ALL HIS ARM, AND, WITH HIS OTHER HAND O'ER HIS BROW, HE FALLS TO PERUSAL OF MY FACE. LONG STAY'D HE SO. THAT DONE, HE LETS ME GO; AND, WITH HIS HEAD OVER HIS SHOULDER TURN'D, HE

SEEMED TO FIND HIS WAY WITHOUT HIS EYES, FOR OUT O' DOORS HE WENT WITHOUT THEIR HELP. AND, TO THE LAST, BENDED THEIR LIGHT ON ME.

THIS IS THE VERY ECSTASY \* OF LOVE. HAVE YOU GIVEN HIM ANY HARD WORDS OF LATE?

NO, BUT AS YOU DID COMMAND, I DID REPEL HIS LETTERS AND DENIED HIS ACCESS TO ME.

THAT HATH MADE HIM MAD. COME, WE GO TO THE KING. THIS MUST BE KNOWN.

\* MADNESS

MEANWHILE, KING CLAUDIUS AND QUEEN GERTRUDE, IN AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF HAMLET'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR, ORDER TWO OF HAMLET'S FRIENDS, ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN, TO SPY ON HAMLET...

DRAW HIM ON TO PLEASURES AND GATHER SO MUCH AS FROM OCCASIONS YOU MAY GLEAN.

WE BOTH OBEY.





**P**OLONIUS THEN ENTERS AND TELLS THE KING AND QUEEN OF HAMLET'S ACTIONS...

SINCE BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT, I WILL BE BRIEF. YOUR NOBLE SON IS MAD: AND NOW REMAINS THAT WE FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF THIS EFFECT. I HAVE A DAUGHTER WHO, IN HER DUTY, HATH GIVEN ME THIS; NOW GATHER AND SURMISE.



**P**OLONIUS READS FROM A LETTER HAMLET HAD SENT OPHELIA...

"TO THE CELESTIAL AND MY SOUL'S IDOL, THE MOST BEAUTIFIED OPHELIA: DOUBT THOU THE STARS ARE FIRE, DOUBT THAT THE SUN DOETH MOVE, DOUBT TRUTH TO BE A LIAR, BUT NEVER DOUBT I LOVE."



THIS IN OBEDIENCE HATH MY DAUGHTER SHOWN ME. AND MY YOUNG MISTRESS THUS DID I BESPEAK: "LORD HAMLET IS A PRINCE OUT OF THY STAR. THIS MUST NOT BE." THEN I PRESCRIPTS\* FROM HIS MESSENGERS, RECEIVE NO TOKENS. AND HE, REPELL'D, FELL INTO THE MADNESS WHEREIN NOW HE RAVES.

DO YOU THINK 'TIS THIS?

\* ORDERS



HATH THERE BEEN SUCH A TIME THAT I HAVE POSITIVELY SAID, "TIS SO," WHEN IT PROVED OTHERWISE?

HOW MAY WE TRY IT FURTHER?



SOMETIMES HE WALKS FOUR HOURS TOGETHER HERE IN THE LOBBY. AT SUCH A TIME, I'LL LOOSE MY DAUGHTER TO HIM: BE YOU AND I BEHIND THE ARRAS\* THEN; MARK THE ENCOUNTER: IF HE LOVE HER NOT, AND BE NOT FROM HIS REASON FALL'N THEREON, LET ME BE NO ASSISTANT FOR A STATE.

WE WILL TRY IT.

+ TAPESTRY





# HAMLET

THE FOLLOWING DAY, POLONIUS SETS THE STAGE FOR HIS SCHEME. HAMLET, COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE PEOPLE ABOUT HIM, ENTERS. HE IS IN DEEP THOUGHT AND IS CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE...

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION: WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE, OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES, AND BY OPPOSING END THEM. TO DIE, TO SLEEP-- NO MORE; AND BY A SLEEP TO SAY WE END THE HEART-ACHE AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS THAT FLESH IS HEIR TO; 'TIS A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISH'D; TO DIE; TO SLEEP; TO SLEEP, PERCHANCE TO DREAM; AYE, THERE'S THE RUB; FOR IN THAT SLEEP OF DEATH WHAT DREAMS MAY COME, WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL, MUST GIVE US PAUSE; THERE'S THE RESPECT THAT MAKES CALAMITY OF SO LONG LIFE: FOR WHO WOULD BEAR THE WHIPS AND SCORNS OF TIME, TH' OPPRESSOR'S WRONG, THE PROUD MAN'S CONTUMELY, THE PANGS OF DISPRIZ'D LOVE, THE LAW'S DELAY, THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE, AND THE SPURNS THAT PATIENT MERIT OF TH' UNWORTHY TAKES, WHEN HE HIMSELF MIGHT HIS QUIETUS MAKE WITH A BARE BOCKIN? WHO WOULD FARDELS BEAR, TO GRUNT AND SWEAT UNDER A WEARY LIFE, BUT THAT THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH, THE UNDISCOVER'D COUNTRY FROM WHOSE BOURN NO TRAVELLER RETURNS, PUZZLES THE WILL AND MAKES US RATHER BEAR THOSE ILLS WE HAVE THAN TO FLY TO OTHERS THAT WE KNOW NOT OF? THUS CONSCIENCE DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL; AND THUS THE NATIVE HUE OF RESOLUTION IS SICKLIED O'ER WITH THE PALE CAST OF THOUGHT, AND ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITCH AND MOMENT WITH THIS REGARD THEIR CURRENTS TURN AWRY, AND LOSE THE NAME OF ACTION. --SOFT YOU NOW, THE FAIR OPHELIA! --NYMPH, IN THY ORISONS BE ALL MY SINS REMEMBER'D.



- ① BELITTLED
- ② BURDENS
- ③ SELF-EXAMINATION
- ④ PRAYERS



# CLASSICS Illustrated

AS HAMLET ENDS HIS SOLILOQUY, OPHELIA APPROACHES HIM...

MY LORD, I HAVE REMEMBRANCES OF YOURS THAT I HAVE LONGED LONG TO RE-DELIVER; I PRAY YOU NOW RECEIVE THEM.

NO, NOT I; I NEVER GAVE YOU AUGHT.

MY LORD, YOU KNOW RIGHT WELL YOU DID, AND, WITH THEM, WORDS OF SO SWEET BREATH COMPOS'D AS MADE THE THINGS MORE RICH.

I DID LOVE YOU ONCE.

INDEED, YOU MADE ME BELIEVE SO.

YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED ME. I LOVED YOU NOT.

I WAS THE MORE DECEIVED.

GET THEE TO A NUNNERY; WHY WOULDST THOU BE A BREEDER OF SINNERS? OR, IF THOU WILT NEEDS MARRY, MARRY A FOOL; FOR WISE MEN KNOW WELL ENOUGH WHAT MONSTERS YOU MAKE OF THEM. TO A NUNNERY, GO, AND QUICKLY, TOO. FAREWELL!

HEAVENLY POWERS, RESTORE HIM! O, WHAT A NOBLE MIND IS HERE O'ERTHROWN! O, WOE IS ME, I'VE SEEN WHAT I HAVE SEEN, SEE WHAT I SEE!

LOVE! HIS AFFECTIONS DO NOT THAT WAY TEND; THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS SOUL O'ER WHICH HIS MELANCHOLY SITS ON BROOD. TO PREVENT DANGER, I HAVE IN QUICK DETERMINATION THUS SET IT DOWN—HE SHALL WITH SPEED TO ENGLAND. HAPLY THE SEAS AND COUNTRIES DIFFERENT WITH VARIABLE OBJECTS SHALL EXPEL THIS MATTER IN HIS HEART.



# HAMLET

THAT DAY, A GROUP OF ACTORS APPEARS AT THE CASTLE. HAMLET SPEAKS TO THE LEADER...

CAN YOU PLAY "THE MURDER OF GONZAGO"?

AYE, MY LORD.

WE'LL HA'T TO-MORROW NIGHT. YOU COULD STUDY A SPEECH OF SOME DOZEN OR SIXTEEN LINES WHICH I WOULD INSERT IN IT, COULD YOU NOT?

AYE, MY LORD. AND FOR NOW, FAREWELL.

I'LL HAVE THESE PLAYERS PLAY SOMETHING LIKE THE MURDER OF MY FATHER BEFORE MINE UNCLE. I'LL OBSERVE HIS LOOKS; IF HE BUT BLENCH \* I KNOW MY COURSE. THE PLAY'S THE THING WHEREIN I'LL CATCH THE CONSCIENCE OF THE KING.



\* TURN WHITE

THE FOLLOWING DAY, HAMLET SEEKS OUT HIS GOOD FRIEND, HORATIO, AND ASKS HIS ASSISTANCE...

THERE IS A PLAY TO-NIGHT BEFORE THE KING, ONE SCENE OF IT COMES NEAR THE CIRCUMSTANCE OF MY FATHER'S DEATH. OBSERVE MY UNCLE. GIVE TO HIS FACE, AND AFTER, WE WILL BOTH OUR JUDGEMENTS JOIN IN CENSURE OF HIS SEEMING.

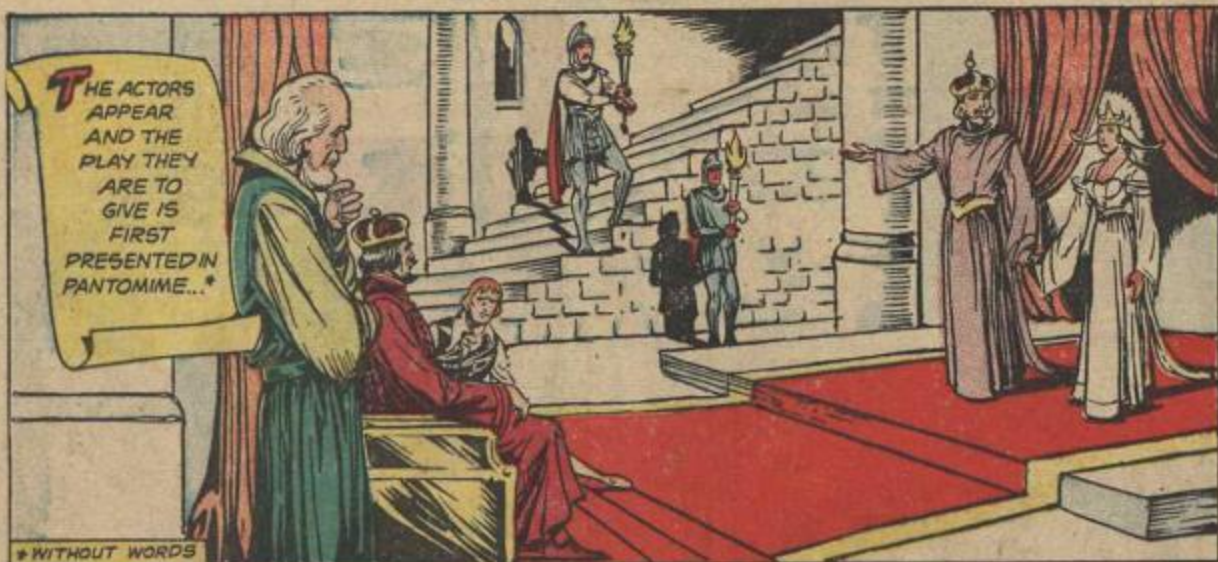
WILL RIVET



THAT EVENING, ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN REPORT THEY CAN LEARN NOTHING OF HAMLET'S MADNESS. THEN THE KING AND QUEEN AND ALL THE ROYAL COURT GO TO ATTEND THE PLAY...









# HAMLET



**PUZZLED, OPHELIA TURNS TO HAMLET...**



WHAT MEANS THIS, MY LORD? BELIKE THIS SHOW IMPORTS THE ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY?

WE SHALL KNOW BY THIS FELLOW.



FOR US AND FOR OUR TRAGEDY, HERE STOOPING TO YOUR CLEMENCY, WE BEG YOUR HEARING PATIENTLY.

**T**HE SPEAKING PLAY BEGINS. IT IS A REPETITION OF THE PANTOMIME PLAY EXCEPT THAT THERE ARE NOW SPOKEN LINES. WHEN THE ACTORS ONCE AGAIN PLAY THE POISONING SCENE, KING CLAUDIUS SUDDENLY LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND SCREAMS...

GIVE ME LIGHT!





# CLASSICS Illustrated





# HAMLET

**A**FTER POLONIUS LEAVES, THE KING SUDDENLY BECOMES CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN...

O, MY OFFENCE IS RANK, IT SMELLS TO HEAVEN; IT HATH THE PRIMAL ELDEST CURSE UPON 'T, A BROTHER'S MURDER. PRAY CAN I NOT, THOUGH INCLINATION BE AS SHARP AS WILL. MY STRONGER GUILT DEFEATS MY STRONG INTENT, AND, LIKE A MAN TO DOUBLE BUSINESS BOUND, I STAND IN PAUSE WHERE I SHALL FIRST BEGIN, AND BOTH NEGLECT. WHAT IF THIS CURSED HAND WERE THICKER THAN ITSELF WITH BROTHER'S BLOOD, IS THERE NOT RAIN ENOUGH IN THE SWEET HEAVENS TO WASH IT WHITE AS SNOW? O, WHAT FORM OF PRAYER CAN SERVE MY TURN? HELP, ANGELS! BOW, STUBBORN KNEES, AND, HEART WITH STRINGS OF STEEL, BE SOFT AS SINEWS OF THE NEW-BORN BABE! ALL MAY BE WELL.

**H**AMLET, GOING TO HIS MOTHER'S CHAMBERS, COMES UPON THE KNEELING KING...

NOW MIGHT I DO IT; AND NOW I'LL DO 'T; AND SO I AM REVENGED. A VILLAIN KILLS MY FATHER, AND FOR THAT, I, HIS SOLE SON, DO THIS SAME VILLAIN SEND TO HEAVEN. AND AM I THEN REVENGED, TO TAKE HIM IN THE PURGING OF HIS SOUL, WHEN HE IS FIT AND SEASON'D FOR HIS PASSAGE? NO! UP SWORD, AND KNOW THOU A MORE HORRID HENT, WHEN HE IS DRUNK ASLEEP OR IN HIS RAGE, AT GAME A-SWEARING, OR ABOUT SOME ACT THAT HAS NO RELISH OF SALVATION IN 'T, THEN TRIP HIM, THAT HIS SOUL MAY BE AS DAMN'D AND BLACK AS HELL, WHERE TO IT GOES.

MY WORDS FLY UP, MY THOUGHTS REMAIN BELOW. WORDS WITHOUT THOUGHT NEVER TO HEAVEN GO.

\* GRASP



# CLASSICS Illustrated

**A** SHORT WHILE LATER, HAMLET ENTERS HIS MOTHER'S CHAMBERS...

NOW, MOTHER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THOU HAST THY FATHER MUCH OFFENDED.

**B**EHIND THE ARRAS, POLONIUS STANDS LISTENING TO EVERY WORD.

MOTHER, YOU HAVE MY FATHER MUCH OFFENDED.

COME, COME, YOU ANSWER WITH AN IDLE TONGUE.

GO, GO, YOU QUESTION WITH A WICKED TONGUE.

HAVE YOU FORGOT ME?

NO, NOT SO; YOU ARE THE QUEEN, YOUR HUSBAND'S BROTHER'S WIFE; AND WOULD IT WERE NOT SO, YOU ARE MY MOTHER.

SIT YOU DOWN; YOU SHALL NOT BUDGE; YOU GO NOT TILL I SET YOU UP A GLASS\* WHERE YOU MAY SEE THE INMOST PART OF YOU.

\* MIRROR



# HAMLET





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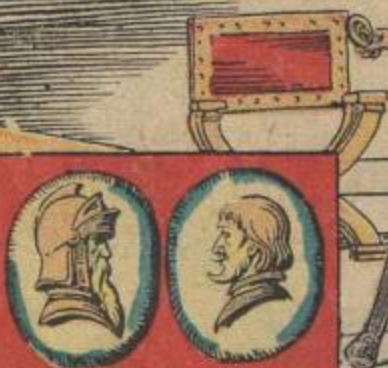




# HAMLET

LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS, THE COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT OF TWO BROTHERS. SEE WHAT A GRACE WAS SEATED ON THIS BROW; AN EYE LIKE MARS, TO THREATEN AND COMMAND, A STATION LIKE THE HERALD MERCURY NEW-LIGHTED ON A HEAVEN-KISSING HILL-- A COMBINATION AND A FORM INDEED, WHERE EVERY GOD DID SEEM TO SET HIS SEAL TO GIVE THE WORLD ASSURANCE OF A MAN: THIS WAS YOUR HUSBAND. LOOK YOU NOW WHAT FOLLOWS: HERE IS YOUR HUSBAND-- LIKE A MILDEW'D EAR, BLASTING HIS WHOLESOME BROTHER.

O HAMLET, SPEAK NO MORE: THOU TURN'ST MINE EYES INTO MY VERY SOUL, AND THERE I SEE SUCH BLACK AND GRAINED SPOTS AS WILL LEAVE THEIR TINCT.



**BUT**  
HAMLET'S ANGER MOUNTS WITH EVERY WORD AND HE CONTINUES AS THOUGH THE QUEEN HAD NOT SPOKEN...

A MURDERER AND A VILLAIN,  
A SLAVE THAT IS NOT TWENTIETH  
PART OF YOUR PRECEDENT LORD!

**JUST**  
THEN, THE GHOST  
ENTERS THE ROOM AND HAMLET  
BREAKS OFF HIS TIRADE. HE TURNS  
TO SPEAK TO THE SPECTRE  
OF HIS FATHER...

WHAT WOULD  
YOUR GRACIOUS  
FIGURE?

ALAS,  
HE'S  
MAD.

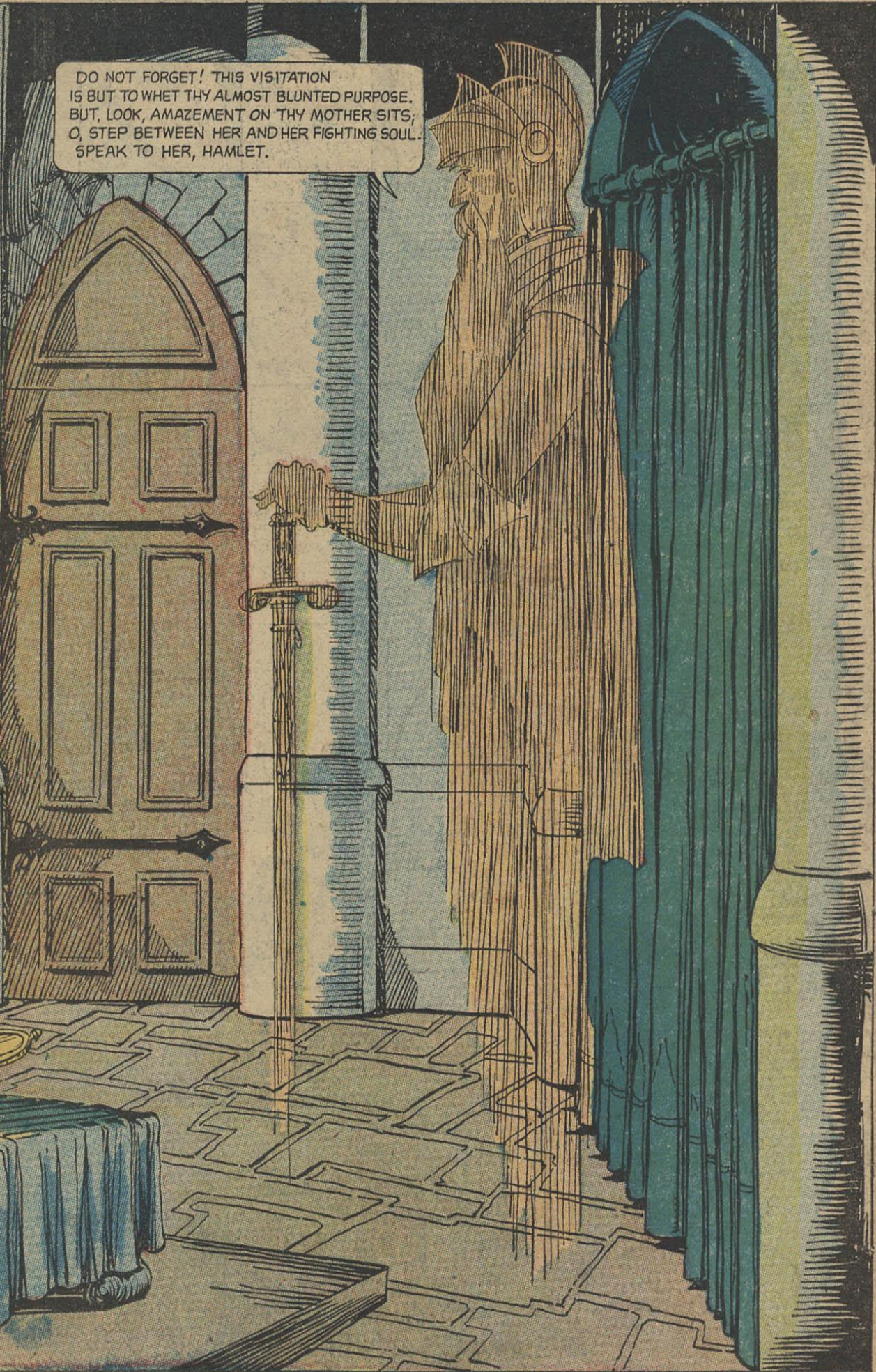


DO YOU NOT COME YOUR TARDY SON TO CHIDE,  
THAT LAPSED IN TIME AND PASSION, LET'S GO BY  
THE IMPORTANT ACTING OF YOUR DREAD COMMAND?





DO NOT FORGET! THIS VISITATION  
IS BUT TO WHET THY ALMOST BLUNTED PURPOSE.  
BUT, LOOK, AMAZEMENT ON THY MOTHER SITS;  
O, STEP BETWEEN HER AND HER FIGHTING SOUL.  
SPEAK TO HER, HAMLET.









# HAMLET

**T**HE SHOCK OF HER FATHER'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH, THE MADNESS OF HER LOVER, HAMLET, AND THE LONG ABSENCE OF HER BROTHER, LAERTES, COMBINE TO DRIVE OPHELIA INSANE...

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE  
LOVE KNOW  
FROM ANOTHER ONE?  
BY HIS COCKLE HAT AND  
STAFF,  
AND HIS SANDAL SHOON.

TOMORROW IS ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,  
ALL IN THE MORNING BETIME,  
AND I A MAID AT YOUR WINDOW,  
TO BE YOUR VALENTINE.

WHEN SORROWS COME, THEY COME IN  
BATTALIONS! FIRST, HER FATHER  
SLAIN; NEXT, YOUR SON GONE; THE  
PEOPLE MUDDIED THICK AND  
UNWHOLESOME IN THEIR THOUGHTS  
OF POLONIUS' DEATH; POOR OPHELIA  
DIVIDED FROM HERSELF AND HER  
FAIR JUDGEMENT. LAST, HER BROTHER,  
IN SECRET COME FROM FRANCE, FEELS  
ON HIS WONDER OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

**A** MOMENT  
LATER, LAERTES  
STORMS THE  
CASTLE AT THE  
HEAD OF A  
RIOTOUS MOB...

SIRS, STAND YOU  
ALL WITHOUT. I PRAY  
YOU, GIVE ME LEAVE.

LAERTES  
SHALL BE  
KING!  
LAERTES  
KING!

**L**AERTES CONFRONTS KING CLAUDIUS...

O THOU VILE  
KING, WHERE IS  
MY FATHER?



# CLASSICS Illustrated



JUST THEN, OPHELIA WANDERS UPON THE SCENE, AND HER SAD APPEARANCE QUIETS LAERTES...

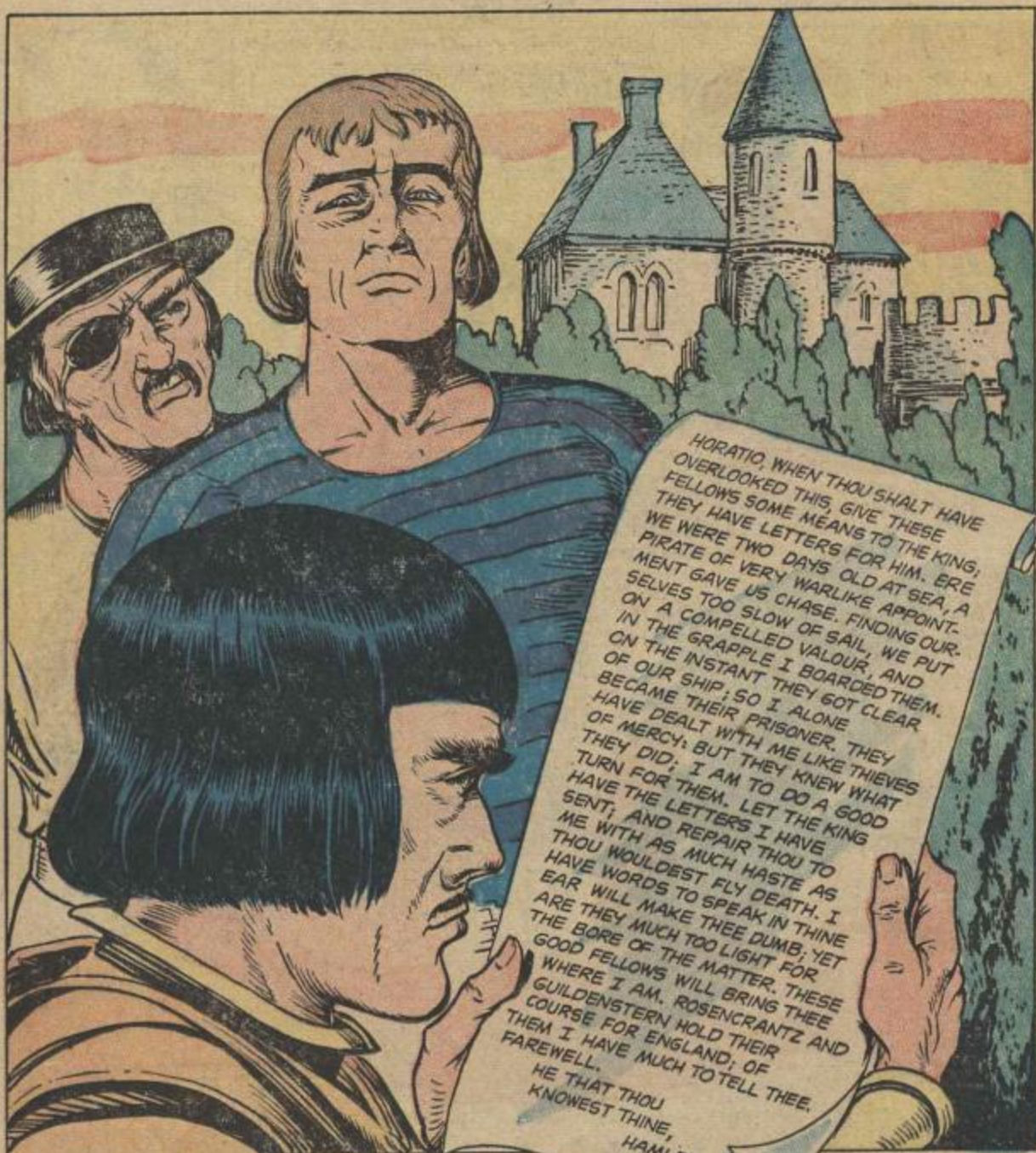




# HAMLET









# HAMLET

MEANWHILE, THE KING HAS TOLD LAERTES HOW HAMLET KILLED HIS FATHER...

AND YOU MUST PUT ME  
IN YOUR HEART FOR FRIEND.  
YOU HAVE HEARD THAT HE  
WHICH HATH YOUR NOBLE  
FATHER SLAIN PURSUED  
MY LIFE.

IT WELL APPEARS, BUT TELL  
ME WHY YOU PROCEEDED NOT  
AGAINST THESE FEATS, SO  
CRIMINAL IN NATURE?

FOR TWO SPECIAL REASONS.  
THE QUEEN LIVES ALMOST BY  
HIS LOOKS; THE OTHER MOTIVE  
WHY TO A PUBLIC COUNT I MIGHT  
NOT GO, IS THE GREAT LOVE THE  
GENERAL GENDER BEAR HIM.

AND SO HAVE I A NOBLE  
FATHER LOST, A SISTER DRIVEN  
INTO DESPERATE TERMS. BUT  
MY REVENGE WILL COME.

THE COWARDLY KING, THINKING THAT HAMLET IS DEAD  
IN ENGLAND, SPEAKS BOLD WORDS...

YOU MUST NOT THINK THAT WE  
ARE MADE OF STUFF SO FLAT AND  
DULL THAT WE CAN LET OUR BEARD  
BE SHOOK WITH DANGER AND THINK  
IT PASTIME. YOU SHORTLY SHALL  
HEAR MORE.



## CLASSICS Illustrated

THE SAILORS GIVE HAMLET'S LETTERS TO A COURT MESSENGER WHO IN TURN DELIVERS IT TO THE KING. THE KING READS THE LETTER ALOUD TO LAERTES...

"HIGH AND MIGHTY, YOU SHALL KNOW I AM SET ON YOUR KINGDOM. TO-MORROW SHALL I BEG LEAVE TO SEE YOUR KINGLY EYES. WHEN I SHALL, FIRST ASKING YOUR PARDON THEREUNTO, RECOUNT THE OCCASION OF MY SUDDEN AND MORE STRANGE RETURN, HAMLET."



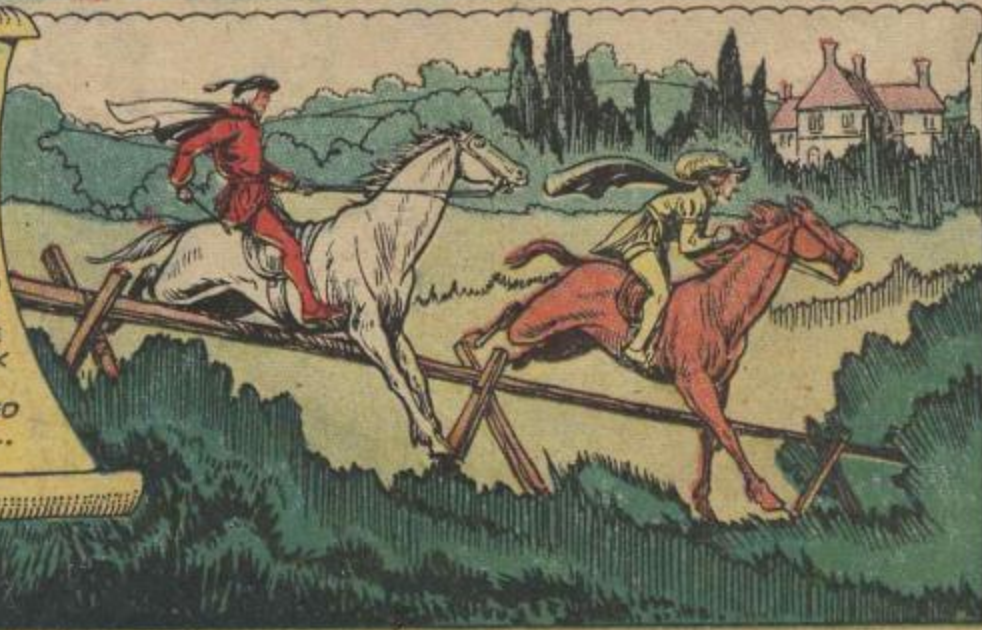
ALARMED, THE KING QUICKLY PLANS ANOTHER WAY TO DESTROY HAMLET...

I WILL WORK HIM TO AN EXPLOIT, NOW RIPE IN MY DEVICE, UNDER WHICH HE SHALL FALL; AND FOR HIS DEATH NO WIND OF BLAME SHALL BREATHE, BUT EVEN HIS MOTHER SHALL CALL IT ACCIDENT. WILL YOU BE RULED BY ME?

MY LORD, I WILL BE RULED, IF YOU COULD DEVISE IT SO THAT I MIGHT BE THE ORGAN.



THE KING UNFOLDS HIS PLAN TO LAERTES. HE BEGINS BY TELLING LAERTES THAT A FRENCH SPORTSMAN, LAMOUND, HAD A SHORT TIME BEFORE COME TO DENMARK AND BEFRIENDED HAMLET...

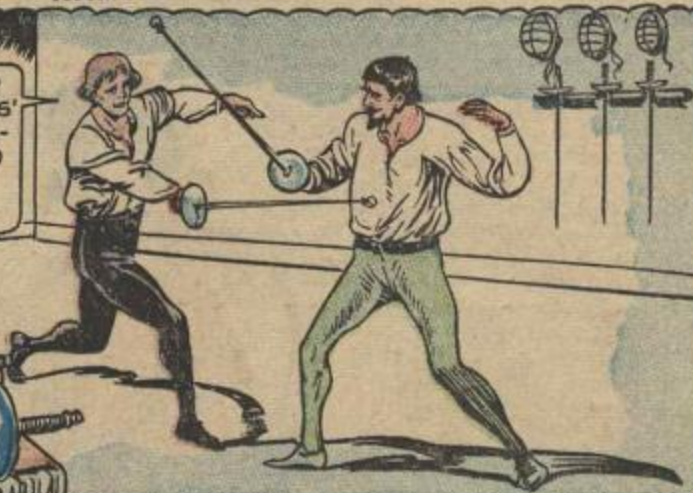




# HAMLET

**L**AMOUND HAD TOLD HAMLET THAT LAERTES WAS CONSIDERED THE BEST SWORDSMAN IN FRANCE AND HAMLET HAD BECOME JEALOUS OF LAERTES' REPUTATION...

I WISH AND BEG LAERTES' SUDDEN COMING O'ER TO PLAY WITH HIM.



**A**ND NOW, HAMLET, HEARING OF LAERTES' RETURN, WILL BE GOADED INTO A MATCH, BY HAVING THE KING'S MEN CONSTANTLY PRAISE LAERTES' ABILITY...

MY LORD, LAERTES IS A VERY FINE SWORDSMAN.

UNDOUBTEDLY THE BEST IN ALL DENMARK.



**L**AERTES WILL BE ABLE, BY PREARRANGED TREACHERY, TO SELECT AN UNCOVERED FOIL, WHILE HAMLET'S WILL BE BLUNTED...



**A**ND THUS THE UNSUSPECTING HAMLET CAN EASILY BE MURDERED...





# CLASSICS Illustrated

**L**AERTES IS DELIGHTED WITH THE KING'S WICKED SCHEME. HE EVEN OFFERS HIS OWN IMPROVEMENT...

I WILL DO 'T. AND, FOR THAT PURPOSE, I'LL ANOINT MY SWORD. I BOUGHT AN UNCTION\* OF A MOUNTE-BANK\*\* SO MORTAL THAT NO CATAPLASM\*\*\* CAN SAVE THE THING FROM DEATH THAT IS BUT SCRATCH'D WITHAL. I'LL TOUCH MY POINT WITH THIS CONTAGION.

\*POISON \*\*SIDE SHOW MEDICINE MAN \*\*\*POULTICE OR ANTIDOTE



**A**ND THEN, IF THESE PLANS ALL FAIL, THE KING HAS HIS OWN POISON, WHICH HE WILL PUT INTO THE GLASS OF WINE THAT HAMLET WILL DRINK DURING THE REST PERIOD OF THE MATCH...



**T**HE QUEEN INTERRUPTS THE PLOTTERS WITH SAD NEWS...

ONE WOE DOTH TREAD UPON ANOTHER'S HEEL, SO FAST THEY FOLLOW: YOUR SISTER'S DROWN'D, LAERTES.

DROWN'D!  
O, WHERE?





# HAMLET

"THERE IS A WILLOW GROWS ASLANT  
THE BROOK THAT SHOWS HIS LEAVES  
IN THE GLASSY STREAM..."



"THERE, ON THE PENDENT  
BOUGHS HER CROWN \* WEEDS  
CLAM'RING TO HANG..."



\* CROWN

"THEREWITH  
FANTASTIC GARLANDS  
DID SHE MAKE OF CROW  
FLOWERS, NETTLES,  
DAISIES, AND  
LONG PURPLES..."



"A SLIVER  
BROKE; WHEN  
DOWN HER WEEDY  
TROPHIES AND HERSELF  
FELL IN THE WEEPING  
BROOK..."



"HER CLOTHES SPREAD WIDE, AWHILE THEY BORE  
HER UP; WHICH TIME SHE CHANTED OLD LAUDS \*..."



\* PSALMS OF PRAISE

"TILL HER  
GARMENTS, HEAVY WITH DRINK,  
PULL'D THE POOR WRETCH TO  
MUDDY DEATH..."





# CLASSICS Illustrated





# HAMLET

JUST THEN, THE FUNERAL PROCESSION APPROACHES THE GRAVE. HAMLET AND HORATIO, NOT KNOWING WHO IS TO BE BURIED, DO NOT WISH TO INTRUDE ON THE MOURNERS' PRIVACY AND HIDE THEMSELVES...



THE QUEEN, THE COURTIER. WHO IS THIS THEY FOLLOW? AND WITH SUCH MAIMED RITES? THIS DOETH BETOKEN THE CORSE DID FORDO ITS OWN LIFE. COUCH\* WE A WHILE, AND MARK.



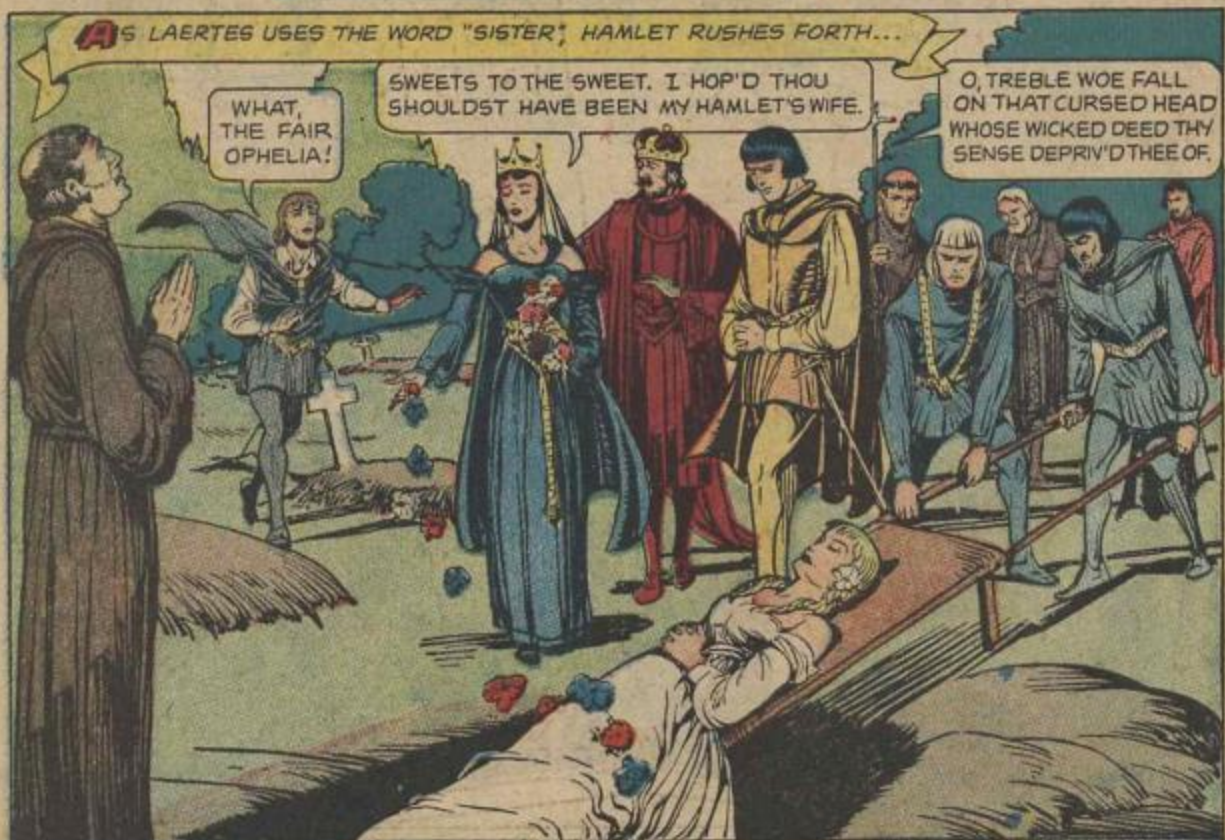
\*HIDE

WHAT CEREMONY ELSE?



THAT'S LAERTES, A VERY NOBLE YOUTH.







UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS GRIEF,  
LAERTES LEAPS INTO THE GRAVE...

HOLD OFF THE  
EARTH A WHILE,  
TILL I HAVE  
CAUGHT HER  
ONCE MORE  
IN MINE ARMS.



ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED BY HAMLET...

WHAT IS HE WHOSE  
GRIEF BEARS SUCH  
AN EMPHASIS? THIS IS  
I, HAMLET, THE DANE!



THE DEVIL  
TAKE THY  
SOUL!

TAKE THY  
FINGERS FROM  
MY THROAT!  
HOLD OFF  
THY HAND!

PLUCK  
THEM  
ASUNDER!





I WILL FIGHT WITH HIM! I LOV'D  
OPHELIA! FORTY THOUSAND BROTHERS  
COULD NOT, WITH ALL THEIR LOVE,  
MAKE UP MY SUM.

FOR LOVE  
OF GOD,  
FORBEAR  
HIM.

LAERTES, STRENGTHEN YOUR PATIENCE  
IN OUR LAST NIGHT'S SPEECH; WE'LL  
PUT THE MATTER TO THE PUSH.



**B**ACK IN THE CASTLE, HAMLET TELLS HORATIO THAT ON HIS  
TRIP TO ENGLAND, HE HAD STOLEN AND BROKEN OPEN THE  
SEALED LETTER ROSENCRANTZ WAS CARRYING...

**H**AMLET THEN TELLS HORATIO  
THAT HE WROTE ANOTHER  
LETTER ORDERING THAT THE  
BEARERS BE PUT TO DEATH..  
AND PLACED IT IN ROSENCRANTZ'S  
BAG. AT THE SAME TIME, HE  
DESTROYED THE ORDER FOR  
HIS OWN EXECUTION...

AH, ROYAL KNAVERY! I FOUND  
A COMMAND THAT, ON THE SUPER-  
VISE, NO LEISURE BATED, NO, NOT  
TO STAY THE GRINDING OF THE AXE,  
MY HEAD SHOULD BE STRUCK OFF.

I HAD MY FATHER'S SIGNET IN  
MY PURSE, WHICH WAS THE MODEL  
FOR THE DANISH SEAL; FOLDED  
THE WRIT UP IN THE FORM OF THE  
OTHER, SUBSCRIB'D IT, GAVE'T THE  
IMPRESSION, PLAC'D IT SAFELY. THE  
NEXT DAY WAS OUR SEA FIGHT;  
WHAT WAS SEQUENT THOU KNOWEST.



SO GUILDENSTERN AND  
ROSENCRANTZ GO TO'T.

THEY ARE NOT NEAR  
MY CONSCIENCE; THEIR  
DEFEAT DOES BY THEIR  
OWN INSINUATION GROW.





# HAMLET

**A** MESSENGER BRINGS WORD THAT THE KING WISHES HAMLET TO MEET LAERTES IN A FRIENDLY DUEL, THUS DISPERSING THE AIR OF ENMITY BETWEEN THE TWO. HAMLET, SOMEWHAT DISTRESSED BY HIS QUARREL WITH LAERTES, FALLS EASILY INTO THE TRAP SET FOR HIM BY THE EVIL KING AND THE VENGEFUL LAERTES. BEFORE STARTING THE MATCH, HAMLET MAKES FRIENDLY OVERTURES TO HIS OPPONENT...

GIVE ME YOUR PARDON, SIR. I HAVE DONE YOU WRONG, BUT PARDON 'T. WHAT I HAVE DONE, I PROCLAIM WAS MADNESS.

I DO RECEIVE YOUR OFFER'D LOVE LIKE LOVE, AND WILL NOT WRONG IT.



**T**RUMPETS SOUND AND THE "FRIENDLY" MATCH BEGINS. THE FIRST TO SCORE THREE HITS WILL BE DECLARED THE WINNER...

**A**FTER THIS EXCHANGE, HAMLET AND LAERTES CHOOSE THEIR WEAPONS. HAMLET, OF COURSE, CHOOSES AT RANDOM, WHILE LAERTES PICKS UP THE FOIL WHICH HAS BEEN UNTIPPED AND IMBUED WITH POISON...



COME ON, SIR.

COME, MY LORD.

**A**FTER A FEW MOMENTS...



ONE.

NO.

JUDGEMENT.

A HIT, A VERY PALPABLE HIT.

WELL, AGAIN.





THE KING, FEARING THAT HAMLET'S FINE SWORDSMANSHIP MAY SAVE HIM FROM LAERTES' POISONED FOIL, PREPARES A CUP OF POISONED WINE FOR THE YOUNG PRINCE...

STAY, HAMLET, HERE'S TO THY HEALTH. GIVE HIM THE CUP.

I'LL PLAY THIS BOUT FIRST; SET IT BY A WHILE.

COME. ANOTHER HIT; WHAT SAY YOU?

A TOUCH, A TOUCH, I DO CONFESS 'T.



OUR SON SHALL WIN.

HE'S FAT AND SCANT OF BREATH! HERE, HAMLET, TAKE MY NAPKIN AND RUB THY BROW. THE QUEEN CAROUSES TO THY FORTUNE.

AND THE QUEEN DRINKS THE POISONED WINE THAT HAD BEEN INTENDED FOR HER SON...

GERTRUDE, DO NOT DRINK!

I WILL, MY LORD. I PRAY YOU, PARDON ME.



MY LORD, I'LL HIT HIM NOW.

I DO NOT THINK 'T.

AND YET, IT IS ALMOST AGAINST MY CONSCIENCE.

COME, FOR THE THIRD, LAERTES.



\* IN POOR CONDITION



# HAMLET

**A**FTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SPARRING, LAERTES FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH HAMLET'S DEFENSE. BUT INSTEAD OF BEING SIMPLY HIT, HAMLET IS ASTOUNDED AND INFURIATED TO FIND THAT HE HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY AN UNTIPPED FOIL. HE NOW REALIZES LAERTES' TRUE INTENT AND RUSHES MADLY AT HIS OPPONENT. AS THEY SCUFFLE, THEY BOTH DROP THEIR FOILS. IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, THEY MISTAKENLY EXCHANGE FOILS...

PART THEM; THEY ARE INCENS'D.

NAY, COME AGAIN.

WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE STROKE AND THRUST, HAMLET MORTALLY WOUNDS LAERTES. AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE QUEEN FALLS FROM HER CHAIR...

THEY BLEED ON BOTH SIDES. HOW IS'T, MY LORD?

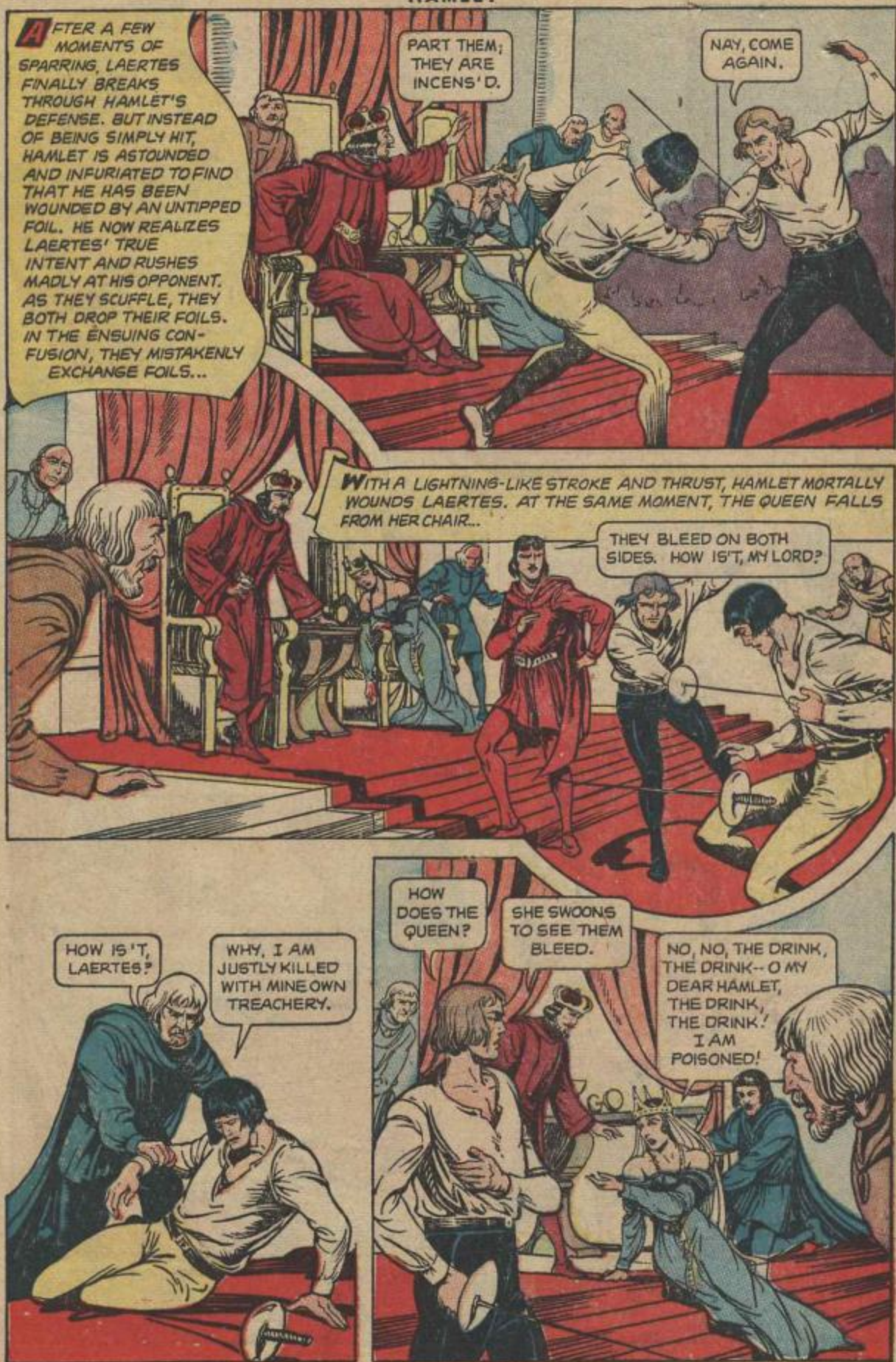
HOW IS'T, LAERTES?

WHY, I AM JUSTLY KILLED WITH MINE OWN TREACHERY.

HOW DOES THE QUEEN?

SHE SWOONS TO SEE THEM BLEED.

NO, NO, THE DRINK, THE DRINK-- O MY DEAR HAMLET, THE DRINK, THE DRINK! I AM POISONED!





O VILLAINY! LET THE  
DOOR BE LOCK'D;  
TREACHERY! SEEK  
IT OUT!

IT IS HERE, HAMLET, THOU  
ART SLAIN. NO MED'CINE  
IN THE WORLD CAN DO THEE  
GOOD. THE TREACHEROUS  
INSTRUMENT IS IN THY HAND,  
UNBATED AND ENVENOM'D.  
THE KING, THE KING'S TO  
BE BLAMED.

THE POINT ENVENOM'D,  
TOO! THEN, VENOM, TO  
THY WORK. HERE,  
THOU MURO'ROUS  
DANE. FOLLOW  
MY MOTHER!



AS LAERTES DIES,  
HAMLET FALLS...

HE IS JUSTLY  
SERVED. EXCHANGE  
FORGIVENESS WITH  
ME, NOBLE HAMLET.  
MINE AND MY FATHER'S  
DEATH COME NOT UP-  
ON THEE, NOR THINE  
ON ME!

I AM DEAD, HORATIO;  
THOU LIVEST. REPORT  
ME AND MY CAUSE  
ARIGHT. IF THOU DIDST  
EVER HOLD ME IN THY  
HEART, TELL MY STORY.



NOW CRACKS  
A NOBLE HEART.  
GOOD-NIGHT,  
SWEET PRINCE,  
AND FLIGHTS OF  
ANGELS SING  
THEE TO THY REST.



NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T  
MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE  
AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.



# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

**T**HROUGHOUT THE YEARS, the works of William Shakespeare are read by more people than anything that has ever been written with the exception of the Bible. As a result, many of Shakespeare's expressions have become part of our everyday language. When we use an expression such as "What's in a name?" we usually do not realize that the phrase comes from Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet." Unconsciously, we accept it as part of our speech. The effect that Shakespeare has on our thinking and living is tremendous, even though the greatest genius of words and thoughts has been dead more than 300 years.

William Shakespeare was born in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, in the year 1564. The third son of John and Mary Shakespeare, of middle class standing, Shakespeare received a good education, which was to be the basis of his later literary success.

At the age of eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a girl eight years his senior. The young couple faced hard times after their two children were born and it was necessary for the young father to improve his finances elsewhere. In 1587, he arrived in London.

From writings and documents, it is safe to conclude that Shakespeare became well-known as a playwright and actor very soon after reaching London. As early as 1592, he was mentioned by a fellow writer, Robert Greene. The following year, his "Venus and Adonis," a poem dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, his benefactor and patron, was published. Shakespeare was on the road to fame.

Shakespeare's first play, "Love's Labor Lost," was written in 1590 and from then on until his death, he wrote plays on the average of one every six months.

When Shakespeare was financially able, he purchased a share in the Globe Theatre and property in Stratford. Shakespeare's plays became popular immediately and there are records of his having produced plays



before Queen Elizabeth and other members of royalty.

Shakespeare's plays fall into three classes — Comedies, Tragedies and Histories. It is well to note that he has produced masterpieces in each of the three.

As a young man, Shakespeare was interested in writing comedies and the best of these are "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Comedy of Errors." As he grew older, Shakespeare's thoughts turned to history. It was during this

time that he wrote such gems as "Henry V" and "Julius Caesar."

As Shakespeare became more affluent and mature, his mind turned to the bitterness and tribulations of life. It was during this period that he wrote such great tragedies as "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." Finally, during the twilight of his career, with the serenity of middle age, he wrote such beautiful plays as "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale."

It is remarkable how Shakespeare's works have endured when we consider the handicap under which he wrote. To begin with, Shakespeare wrote with the knowledge that his plays must be acted on a very small stage and with limited facilities.

The Elizabethan audience was much different from today's. Most often, the spectator in Shakespeare's time was an illiterate lout who believed in ghosts and witches and found enjoyment in low comedy and horror scenes. Shakespeare's plays, however, contain such beauty, wisdom and understanding that his plays have endured.

On April 23, 1616, Shakespeare died in his home at Stratford. The cause of his death is not known. Perhaps the great tribute was paid him by Ben Johnson, himself a great man. Said Johnson: "He was honest, and of an open and free nature, and had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions."





# STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

*"Remember the Alamo!"*

**I**N 1835, MEXICO claimed the land that is now Texas. The Mexican President, Santa Anna, who called himself "The Napoleon of the West," passed laws which restricted the freedom of the Texans. One law stated that the Texans had to give up their arms. Instead of laying down their guns, the Texans rebelled and in December, 1835, they captured the city of San Antonio de Bexar.

Santa Anna, determined to retake San Antonio, marched north with four thousand men.

The Texans planned to use the Mission del Alamo for their fort. The Alamo consisted of a thick enclosing adobe wall in the shape of a parallelogram about fifty by one hundred and fifty yards. Inside the wall were low barracks and off a connecting court stood the stone church of the mission.

Sam Houston, the Texan general, realized that the Alamo could not be defended against Santa Anna's onslaught with only one hundred and forty soldiers. He sent word ordering the men to retreat; the garrison preferred to make a stand.

Famous frontiersman Davy Crockett and eleven other riflemen from Tennessee arrived at the Alamo on February 11, 1836. There he joined the legendary Colonel James Bowie for whom the long fighting knife had been named. In command was Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Travis, twenty-eight, a red-headed lawyer from South Carolina.

On February 23rd, sixteen hundred Mexicans attacked the Alamo but were easily repulsed. The Mexicans dug in and began to bombard the mission.

Santa Anna demanded the fort's surrender. The answer came in shell fire. By hoisting a red flag, Santa Anna signalled that no quarter would be given the Texans.

Travis sent out a message calling for aid but added, "I shall never surrender or retreat!" Thirty-two more men joined him on the morning of March 1st.

The shelling continued for eleven days but, miraculously, no Texan was killed. Santa Anna now commanded four thousand troops. The Texans had only one hundred and eighty-four.

Before dawn, on Sunday, March 6, came the awaited assault. Davy Crockett, with his trusty rifle "Betsy" and the eleven Tennesseans, stood at a weak spot in the wall.

The Mexicans swarmed at the walls with scaling ladders, bayonets fixed. The Texans held their fire until the first waves had nearly reached the wall... then they opened up with cannon, rifles and pistols. The Mexicans retreated....

At dawn, the second assault came, and again was thrown back. This time, part of the north wall of the Alamo crumbled. Although the Mexican ranks were badly battered, the Texans had lost few men.

Then came the third assault. The Mexicans were cut down by the score but weight of numbers carried them to the wall. Ladders were thrown against it; men surged up.

The defenders met them—knife and tomahawk against bayonet.

Then, as though a dike holding back the sea had broken, the Mexicans swept over the wall. Colonel Travis died with a bullet through the brain.

The Texans rushed for shelter. Davy Crockett and his Tennesseans, trapped in the open court, stood to the death. Heaped around Crockett and two of his men were sixteen dead Mexicans. Jim Bowie died on his sick bed, knife in hand, a dead Mexican across him. By nine o'clock in the morning, every one of the one hundred and eighty-four Texans was slain.

Santa Anna's forces were so mauled they never regained their full strength. Santa Anna had lost sixteen hundred men. The Texans had lost Bowie, Travis and Crockett... but had gained a battle cry that carried them on to their ultimate victory... "Remember the Alamo!"

